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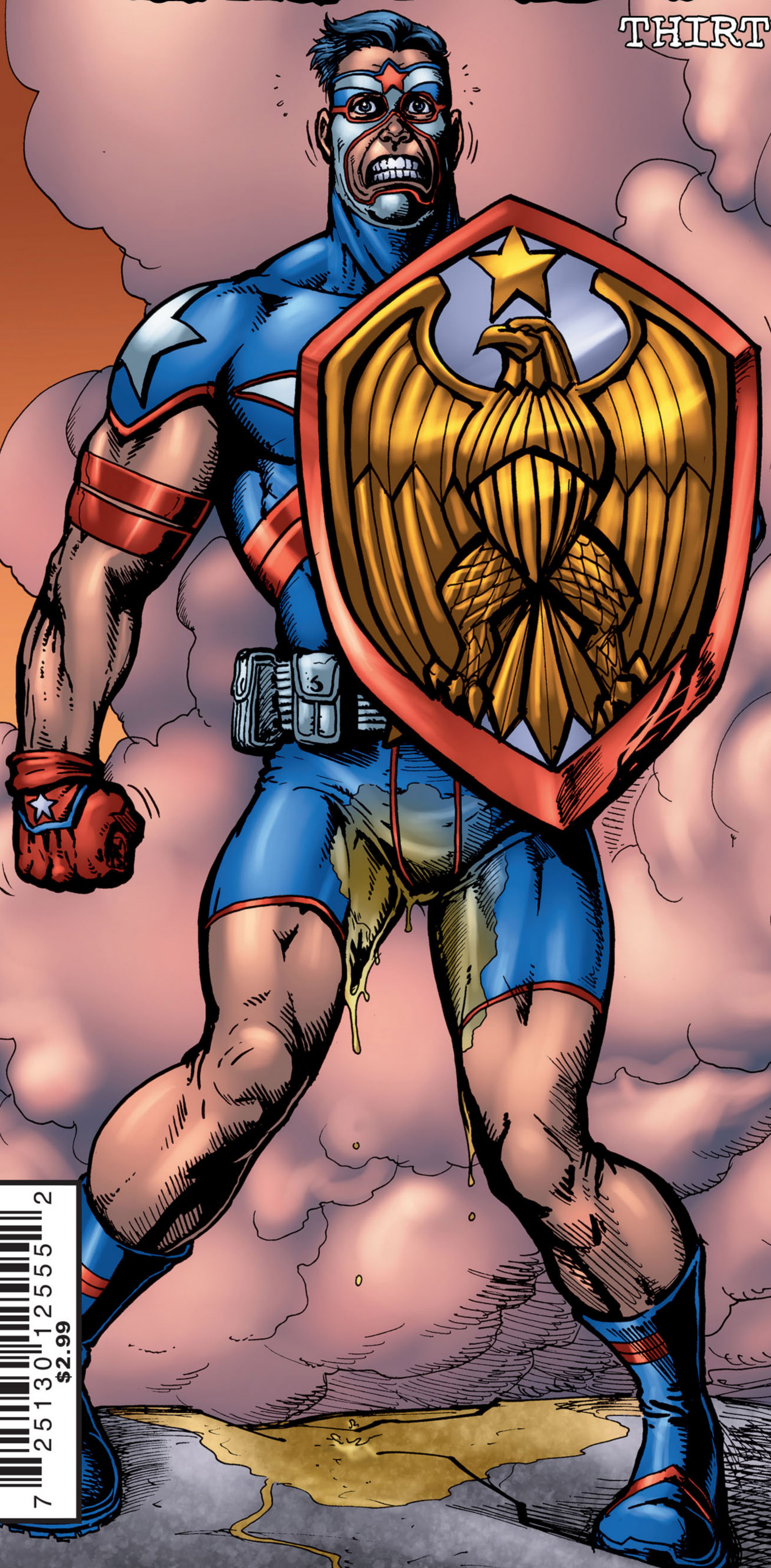
Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

THIRTY-THREE



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THIRTY-THREE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

Story by:
GARTH ENNIS

Pencils by:
JOHN McCREA with
KEITH BURNS

Inks by:
KEITH BURNS with
JOHN McCREA

Letters by:
SIMON BOWLAND

Colors by:
TONY AVIÑA

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON

DYNAMITE® ENTERTAINMENT

FOR DYNAMTE ENTERTAINMENT

NICK BARRUCCI • PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT • EDITOR
JOSH JOHNSON • CREATIVE DIRECTOR
JASON ULLMEYER • GRAPHIC DESIGNER

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MAN, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS, THESE GUYS ARE FUCKING *HARDCORE*...

BBZZZZZZ--!

BAYBY WE ODDA, UB... REGROOB...

BE SILENT.

WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN A TASK TO PERFORM. WE *WILL.* THIS WHIMPERING OF YOURS ACCOMPLISHES NOTHING, EXCEPT TO MAKE ME WANT TO VOMIT.

AMERIKANER SCHWEINE...

YEAH, THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, YOU SIT AROUND ALL DAY BEATING OFF OVER HOLOCAUST DOCUMENTARIES! FUCKING NEWSFLASH: THE REST OF US NEVER ACTUALLY KILLED ANYONE!

AND THAT'S THE CRIMSON COUNTESS LYING DEAD OVER THERE, IN CASE YOU'VE ALREADY FORGOTTEN...!

AD THDOB CALLIG UD--

SHUT UP, HALFWIT. YOU HAVE NO NOSE.

ALL OF YOU LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY.

IF WE DO WHAT WE HAVE BEEN TOLD AND EXTERMINATE THIS GROUP OF FREAKS, THE REWARDS WE REAP WILL BE CONSIDERABLE. OUR STOCK WILL RISE. A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY WILL BE SPENT.

PAYBACK WILL BECOME THE PREMIER SUPERTEAM.

THAT IS WHAT I WANT. I BELIEVED IT WAS WHAT YOU WANTED, TOO.

INCREASED FUNDING. MORE APPEARANCES. A PROPER HEADQUARTERS, NOT SOME SEMI-DERELICT SHELL WITH THAT RIDICULOUS OLD FAIRY OF A BUTLER.

THE ADULATION OF THE PUBLIC AND OUR PEERS--AND ALL ATTENDANT BENEFITS, WHICH MEANS NARCOTICS AND WHORES FOR YOU, AND TIME TO DEVOTE TO POLITICAL PROJECTS FOR ME.

BUT IF THAT IS NOT WHAT YOU WANT--IF YOU WOULD RATHER CONTINUE BEING LAUGHED AT AS PERMANENTLY SECOND-BEST, AND MAKING THESE WRETCHED AND DEMEANING ATTEMPTS TO JOIN THE SEVEN, AND RESIDING FOREVER IN A FILE MARKED ***ALMOST BUT NOT QUITE***--

THEN LEAVE.

I AM GOING TO STAY.

BECAUSE THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY THAT I WILL NOT LET PASS.

HARD HAT AREA

HMH.

COME AN' HAVE A GO IF YOU THINK YOU'RE HARD ENOUGH...

PORTLAND

THE SELF-PRESERVATION SOCIETY

part three

I DON'T CARE.

BUT SHE WON'T DO ANY OF IT, SHE WON'T EVEN WEAR THE COSTUME...

THAT'S HER LOOK-OUT.

BUT IT'S LIKE OPEN DEFIANCE--!

I REALLY DON'T GIVE A SHIT.

SIR, IT REALLY IS A PROBLEM, I MEAN SHE'S REFUSING TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH HER NEW DIRECTION...

YES, I MEAN SHE WON'T GIVE THE PRESS CONFERENCE WHERE SHE COMES OUT AS A RAPE VICTIM, AND THAT REALLY IS KEY. AND SHE WENT BALLISTIC WHEN WE MENTIONED BREAST AUGMENTATION...

COULDN'T YOU--JUST HAVE A LITTLE WORD?

NOPE.

SHE'S...SHE'S PRETTY MUCH TELLING VOUGHT TO GO AND FUCK THEMSELVES HERE, YOU KNOW THAT?

YEP.

I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO... I MEAN I KNOW YOU LIKE TO MAKE SURE PEOPLE TOW THE LINE, KIND OF STAY ON-MESSAGE...

OH, IS THAT WHAT I'M HERE FOR?

SILLY ME, I THOUGHT I WAS A SUPERHERO.

TIME YOU LEFT.

OI, FRITZ!

ACHTUNG, ACHTUNG.

ENGLANDER.

PORTLAND

FUCKING LITTLE WUHH

AAAAH! NEIN! NEIN!

I CANNOT BE BLIND!

NNAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

YOU LOT STILL FANCY YOUR CHANCES, THEN?

...BE THAT AS IT MAY, I STILL THINK IT'S AN EXCESSIVE RISK. PAYBACK WIELD CONSIDERABLE POWER, BUT THEY DO SO WITHOUT MUCH IN THE WAY OF EXPERTISE OR RESTRAINT--WHICH IS ONE REASON WE'VE KEPT THEM OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT...

IF YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT COLLATERAL DAMAGE--

I'M WORRIED ABOUT BUTCHER.

I UNDERSTAND THAT HE ISN'T THE TARGET, BUT ONCE STORMFRONT OR EVEN THE COUNTESS GET GOING, THAT COULD WELL BE A MOOT POINT. IF HE DIES ALONG WITH THE OTHER FOUR, HOW LONG BEFORE EVERYTHING HE HAS ON US ENDS UP WITH THE MEDIA?

WHICH BRINGS ME TO ANOTHER AREA OF CONCERN. I SPENT LAST NIGHT REVIEWING YOUR REPORT ON THAT MOSCOW DEBACLE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PAYBACK BUSINESS PROMPTED ME TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK...

REALLY.

YOU SICCED NINA NAMENKO ON BUTCHER'S PEOPLE. YOU MADE NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN HIM AND THE OTHERS; IF SHE'D MANAGED TO KILL HIM THE SEVEN WOULD BE SUNK BY NOW.

THERE WAS NEVER THE SLIGHTEST DANGER OF LITTLE NINA EVEN SCRATCHING BUTCHER AND HIS TEAM. SHE WAS A GANGSTER IN CHARGE OF A RABBLE, ALL I EXPECTED HER TO DO WAS KEEP THEM OCCUPIED WHILE WE GOT ON WITH THINGS.

LIKEWISE, I KNEW SHE WOULD DISCOVER THEIR INVOLVEMENT ONCE THEY BEGAN INVESTIGATING HER. I WANTED ***HER*** TO FEEL LIKE I WAS KEEPING HER IN THE PICTURE...

DO YOU HAVE ME ON SPEAKER?

YES--

WELL COULD YOU TAKE ME OFF IT, PLEASE?

CERTAINLY.

THANK YOU.

I HAD NO IDEA THAT YOU WERE AS CONCERNED WITH MY PERFORMANCE AS YOU CLEARLY ARE.

ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT IF YOU DEEM IT NECESSARY, I CAN DRAFT MY RESIGNATION AND--

WHAT?

NO ONE'S TALKING RESIGNATION. AS A MATTER OF FACT, IF I WAS SPEAKING TO ANYONE ELSE I WOULD ASSUME THAT TO BE NOTHING BUT PETULANCE.

BUT YES, I AM CONCERNED. WITH THIS, WITH MOSCOW, WITH THE G-MEN. SO--

I SOUGHT AND RECEIVED YOUR EXPLICIT APPROVAL FOR THE GODOLKIN SOLUTION. MY PLAN: YOUR ORDER.

SO, IF THINGS DON'T PAN OUT AS THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO WITH PAYBACK, I'M GOING TO BE LEFT WITH NO CHOICE BUT TO TAKE A GREATER INTEREST IN YOUR DIVISION. TO THE EXTENT, PERHAPS, OF CONSIDERING ITS RELOCATION SO THAT WE CAN WORK MORE CLOSELY.

THERE WILL **ALWAYS** BE AN ELEMENT OF RISK--

I DON'T OBJECT TO RISK.

BUT I WILL NOT SANCTION RECKLESSNESS.

CALL ME AS SOON AS YOU HEAR.

NIH THIG THITH ITH A BITHTAGE. NIH THIG BE THOULD GED OUD UB ERE.

BBZZZZZZZ!

NO-- NO, WAIT, LISTEN--

I THINK STORMFRONT WAS *RIGHT*...!

THDORB FRUDTH *RAD AWAY,* BIND ROID!

BBZZZZZ! BBZZZZZ!

NIH BEEN LOOG AD BE, LOOG AD BY DOTH! NIH THOULDEND EBEN BE ERE, NIH THOULD BE GEDDIG ID THOWD BAG OD!

LISTEN TO ME.

WE CAN TAKE THEM, WE JUST HAVE TO THINK IT THROUGH. THEY CAN'T SNEAK UP ON US SO LONG AS I'M SCANNING, AND SWATTO CAN GET UPSTAIRS AND SPOT FOR US.

AND YOU'RE *SOLDIER BOY,* I MEAN YOU USED TO KNOCK OVER TANKS AND SHIT...

WEB... UB...

AND REALLY, DO YOU WANT TO CARRY ON THE WAY THINGS ARE? FUCKING *PAYBACK,* MAN, RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING--AVENGE THIS, DEFEND THAT, AND THOSE *SHITS* IN THE SEVEN LAUGHING AT US THE WHOLE TIME!

THIS IS OUR FUCKING SHOT, GUYS! THIS IS WHAT WE'RE DUE, THIS IS OUR CHANCE FOR JUSTICE!

NAHH!

BBZZZZZ!

JESUS--!

GROMFF CHOMPFF CHRROMFF

ITH GOD BY DOTH!!

DON'T FOLLOW IT!

BUD ITH GOD BY--

THINK, *THINK*, THAT'S HOW THEY GOT THE COUNTESS! *SHE* WENT AFTER THE DOG AS WELL, AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO HER!

WE HAVE TO KEEP OUR SHIT TOGETHER HERE, WE CAN'T BE WANDERING OFF ON OUR OWN. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THE MOTHERFUCKERS WANT.

SWATTO, GO UP AND TAKE A LOOK BUT STAY *RIGHT* ABOVE US, OKAY? DON'T GO ANYWHERE WHERE WE CAN'T SEE YOU.

SWATTO--?

NOW WHEN I WAS A KID...

WHAT ME AN' ME MATES LOVED MORE'N ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD...

PORTLAND

WAS PLAYIN' ON BUILDIN' SITES.

YOU COULD HIDE DOWN IN THE FOUNDATIONS...

YOU COULD CLIMB UP THE WALLS...

CAD OO FIDE IB? CAD OO *THCAD?*

ALL I KNOW IS HE'S IN THE ROOM, IT'S NO MORE PRECISE THAN THAT...!

YOU COULD PLAY IN THE PILESA SAND...

YOU COULD MAKE STEN GUNS OUTTA THE NAILS AN' WOOD, AN' RUN AROUND PLAYIN' ARMY.

SPEND ALL DAY THERE.

FUCKIN' ACE, IT WAS.

DOH BY GODD--

OKAY, FUCK THIS, WE ARE *OUT OF HERE--!*

I DON'T CARE ANYMORE, I WANT TO STAY IN PAYBACK! I'LL EAT ALL THE SHIT THEY TELL ME TO, I'LL OPEN THE HOME DEPOTS, I'LL DO THE COMMERCIALS FOR TARGET! WHATEVER!

EXIT

CAUTION

NITH-NITH-NITH *NEAD* WATH--!

THE SEVEN CAN LAUGH ALL THEY FUCKING WANT, LET'S JUST GET OUT *ALIVE--*

THAT MIGHT BE EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

KNOW WHAT I MEAN, CHIEF?

AIDEZ-MOI! AIDEZ-MOI!

LE CHEM SEPT ET LE C.T. DE TETE! STAT!

D'YOU NO' THINK YOU SHOULD BE GOIN' IN TOO?

'FUCK I SHOULD.

BUT HE FUCKIN' BATTERED YOU, YOU NEED TO GET YOURSELF LOOKED AT...

'FUCK I DO.

BEAT THAT CRACKER MUTHAFUCKA 'TIL HE SHITS OUT HIS OWN HEAD, *THAT'S* WHAT I *FUCKIN' NEED*...

STORMFRONT? BUT HE--

TOOFF

YOU GONNA MAKE A CALL, BOY.

LISTEN! *LISTEN!* TIME OUT, OKAY?

JUST THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE *DOING HERE--!*

WE'RE *PAYBACK,* OKAY? WE'RE SUPERHEROES, WE'RE LIKE THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST OR SOME SHIT LIKE THAT!

I'M *MIND-DROID--* HE'S FUCKING *SOLDIER BOY,* FOR CHRIST'S SAKE! HE'S AN INSTITUTION, HE WAS IN WORLD WAR TWO!

HE FOUGHT THE FUCKING NAZIS...!

WE'VE GOT FANS ALL OVER THE WORLD, DO YOU REALLY WANT TO BREAK SO MANY HEARTS...?

NUHH!!

FUCK--!

GUHH!

DOO HAMBTHIRE--!

AAWWHHHH

WAIT-- FUCKING WAIT--!

I'M JUST A DUDE, OKAY? I'M TELEPATHIC, BUT I'M NOT A ROBOT! I'M A DUDE IN A SUIT, I DON'T COME TO PIECES OR ANY OF THAT STUPID SHIT!

YEAH, I KNOW.

GUKK--!

NUHHHHHH...

NUHHHHHH...

UH?

YOU NEVER FOUGHT IN THE WAR, YOU CUNT.

AN' YOU'RE A FUCKIN' INSULT TO THE LADS THAT DID.

FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M NOT HAVING ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS GARBAGE...

AND I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY. YOU CAN'T *MAKE ME* DO ANY OF IT.

OH, I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT...

ON ITS WAY, MY LADY!

MEANING?

MEANING KEEP PUSHING YOUR LUCK, STARLIGHT. PLEASE.

JACK IS WEARING HIS NEW COSTUME. WHY CAN'T YOU?

JACK'S ISN'T AN OBSCENITY EXHIBITION. AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, A-TRAIN, COME CHARGING AT ME WITH YOUR FLOPPY LITTLE PENIS HANGING OUT AGAIN?

LISTEN, YOU--

BECAUSE IT DIDN'T WORK OUT TOO WELL FOR YOU LAST TIME, AS I RECALL...

OH...

OH NO...

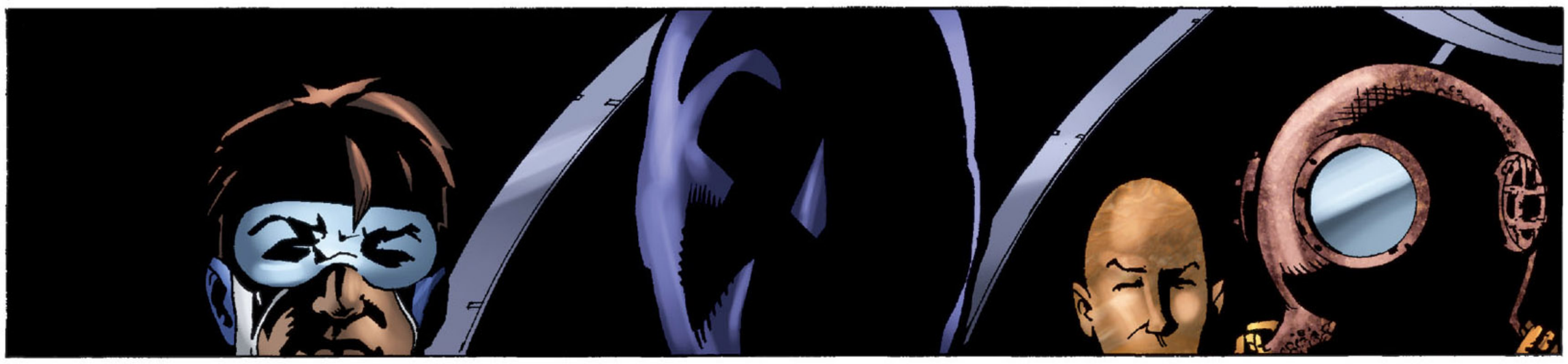
PLEASE...!

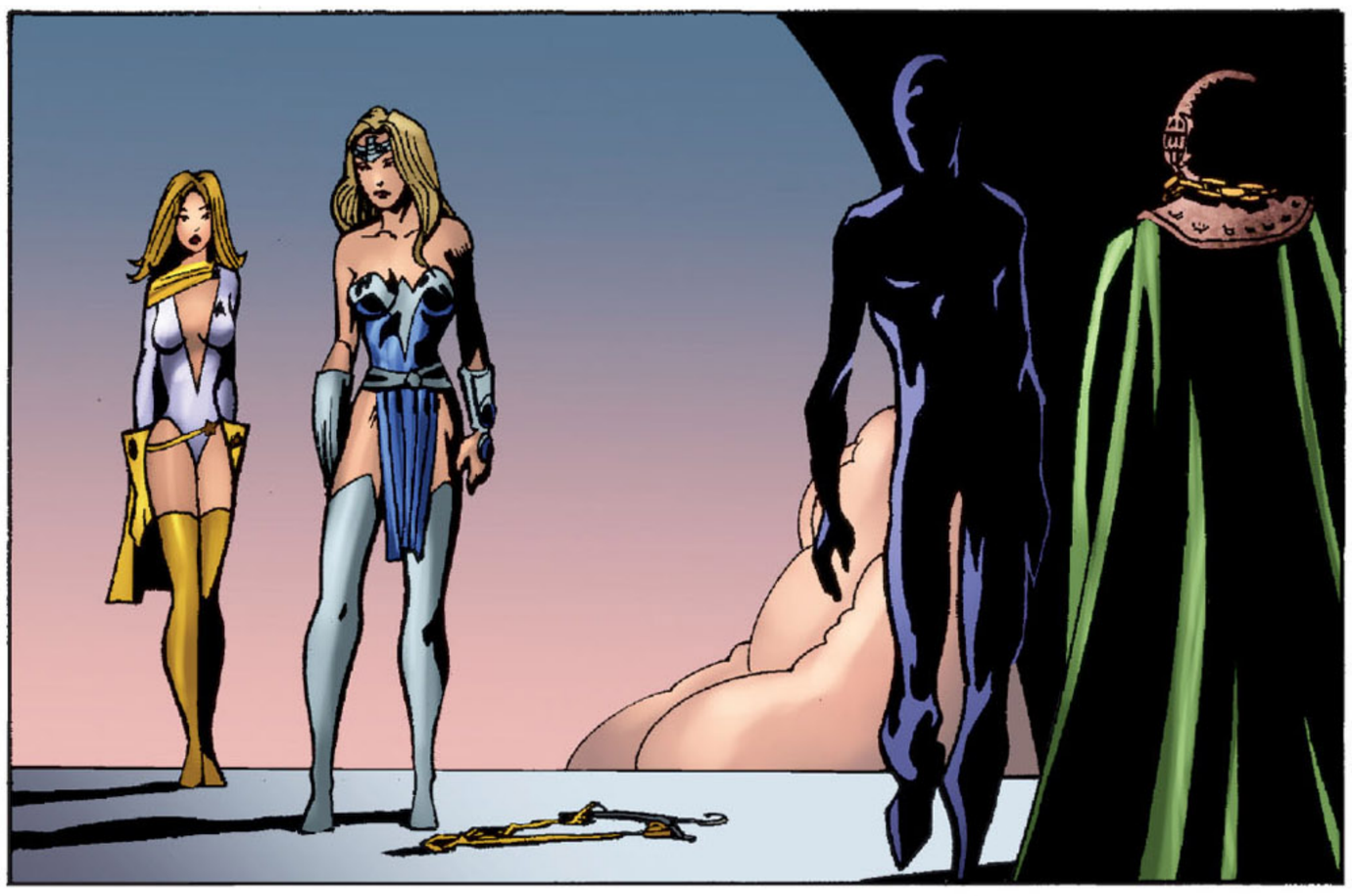
YOU TWO GET OUT OF HERE.

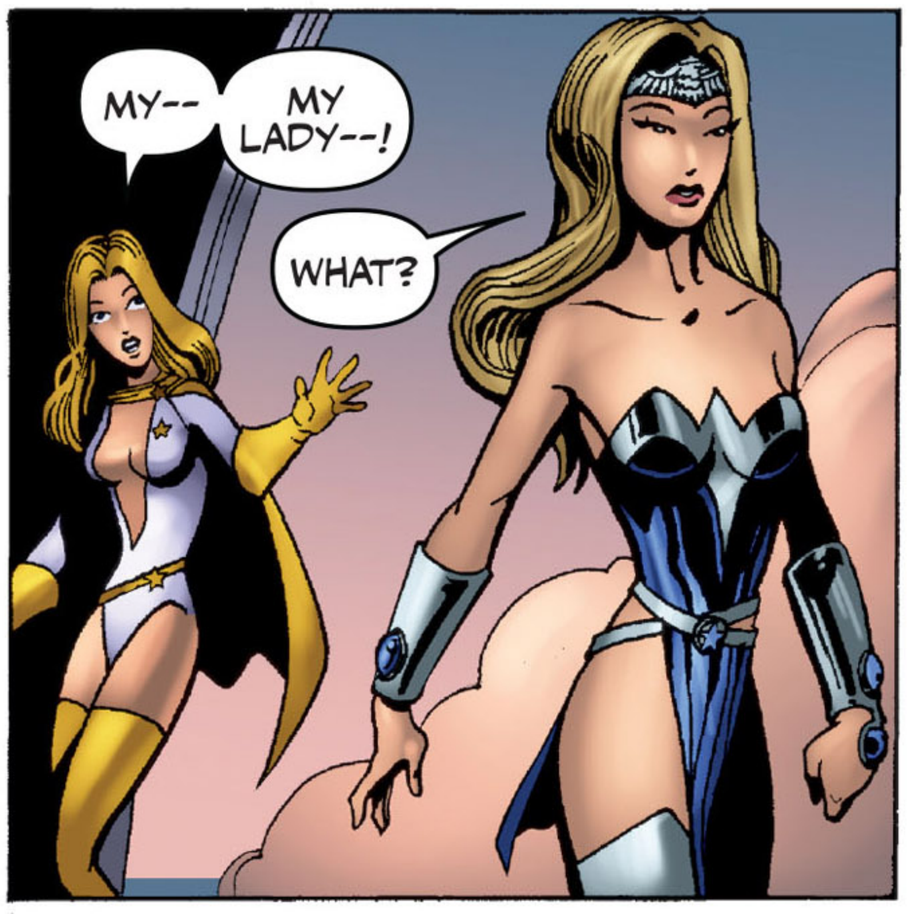
OH, YOU BET, SIR!

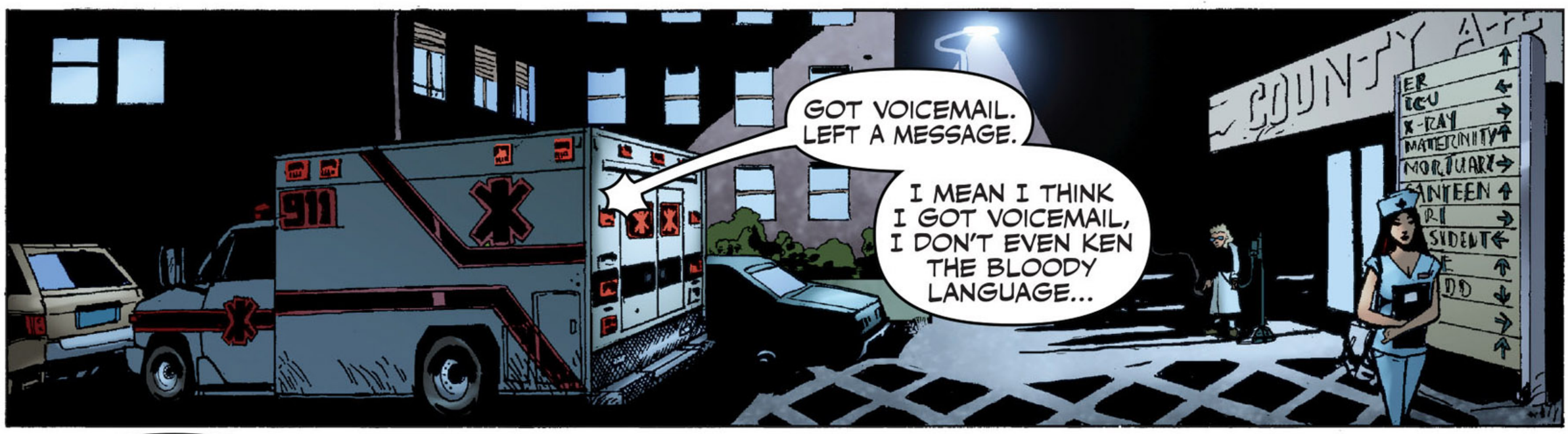
ON OUR WAY!

HHEEEHHHHNNNHHH





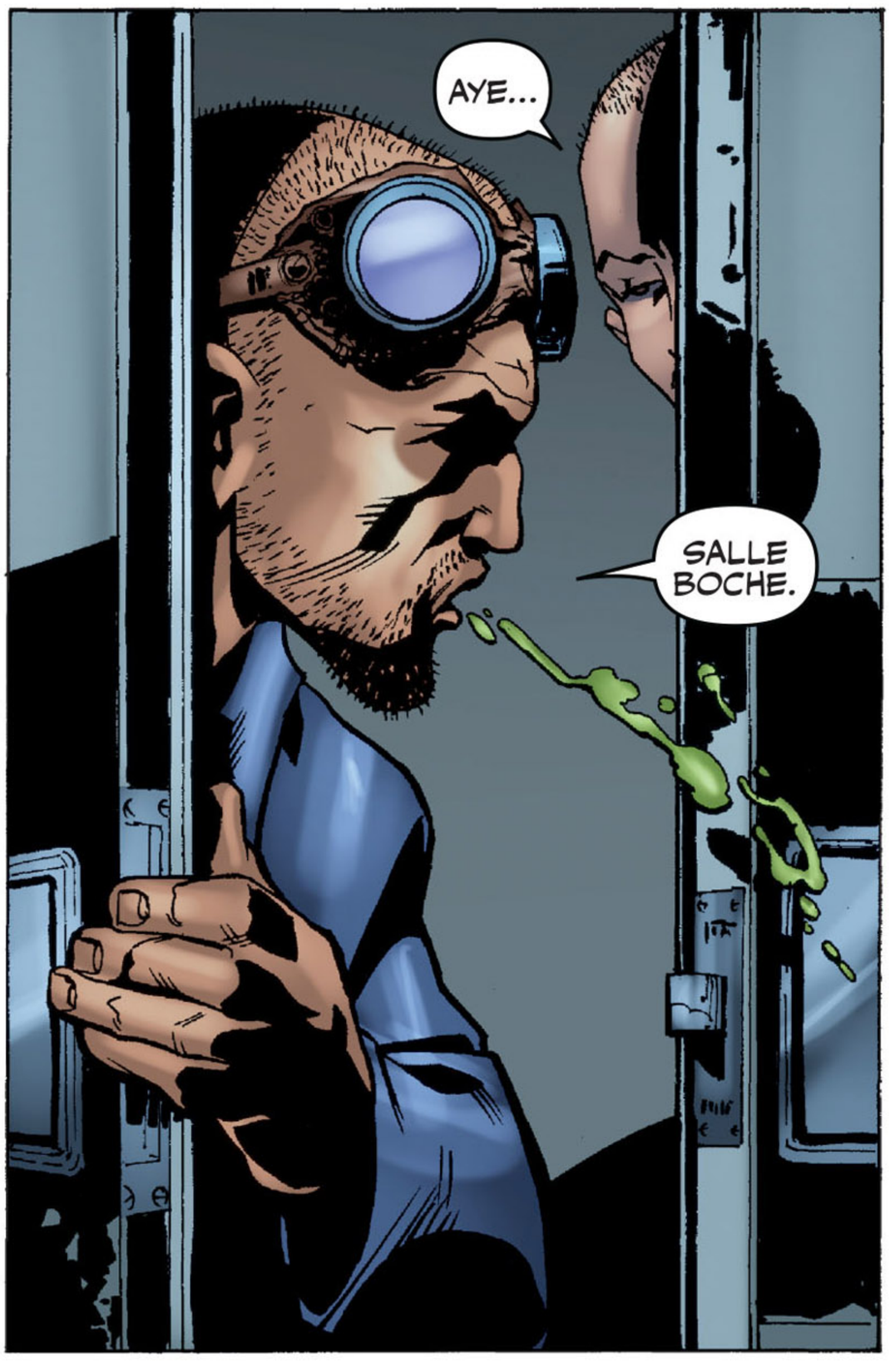

MY--
MY LADY--!
WHAT?


911
GOT VOICEMAIL. LEFT A MESSAGE.
I MEAN I THINK I GOT VOICEMAIL, I DON'T EVEN KEN THE BLOODY LANGUAGE...
COUNTY A-Z
ER
ICU
X-RAY
MATERNITY
MORTUARY
CANTEEN
RI
SIDENT
DD

LISTEN, IF WE'RE CALLIN' IN REINFORCEMENTS, SHOULD WE NO' MAYBE BE CHECKIN' ON BUTCHER...?
AIN'T ABOUT TO CALL THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE A' THE SHIT HE DOIN'.
'SIDES, ALL BUTCHER GOTTA DO IS HOLD 'EM. HE KNOWS THAT.

FRENCHIE SEEMED TO THINK HE'D MAKE FUCKIN' MINCEMEAT O' PAYBACK.
PAYBACK'S ONE THING. STORMFRONT'S SOMETHIN' ELSE AGAIN.

FRENCHIE--?
STABLE. BUT STILL SHE WILL NOT WAKE.
YOU SPEAK OF STORMFRONT?


AYE...
SALLE BOCHE.

WHO IS HE, EXACTLY? I MEAN I KNOW HE'S A BIT OF A HEAVYWEIGHT, BUT--

ALWAYS TELLIN' YOU TO GET CURRENT WIT' THESE MUTHAFUCKAS. AIN'T EVEN UP ON WHO THE SEVEN GOT RIGHT NOW, LAST I CHECKED.

AYE... WELL...

STORMFRONT'S A NAZI.

GENUINE GODDAMNED ARTICLE.

HE CAME OUT OF GERMANY WITH JONAH VOGLEBAUM, IN NINETEEN THIRTY-EIGHT. THE ONLY PRODUCT OF THE THIRD REICH'S ***V-PROGRAM.***

JUST A BOY--BUT ALREADY INFECTED BY HITLER'S FILTHY POISON. THOSE SPEECHES, THAT HATRED, HISSING IN SO MANY EARS...

VOGLEBAUM COULD SEE THIS ALL TOO WELL, AND RECOMMENDED VOUGHT DESTROY HIM. INSTEAD THEY RAISED HIM AS THEIR OWN-- AS IF YOU CAN TRAIN A ***CUR,*** ONCE ***RABIES*** COURSES THROUGH ITS VEINS.

"HIS STORY CASTS HIM AS SOME REBORN VIKING, BUT REALLY HE IS WHAT ALL NAZIS ARE: A CRIMINAL. AND CHEAP AT THAT.

"THERE IS EVIDENCE OF SUPE INVOLVEMENT IN...CLEARANCES. IN AFRICA, IN INDONESIA. CLOSER TO HOME.

"ANYWHERE THAT VOUGHT'S DEVELOPMENT DIVISION SEES LAND THE LOCALS WILL NOT SELL, WHERE NEITHER HURRICANE NOR TIDAL WAVE ARE LIKELY TO OBLIGE THEM."

"***THAT*** IS STORMFRONT, PETIT HUGHIE. AND NOW..."

"NOW HE IS OUR PROBLEM."

next: WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE KIDDING, MISTER HITLER...